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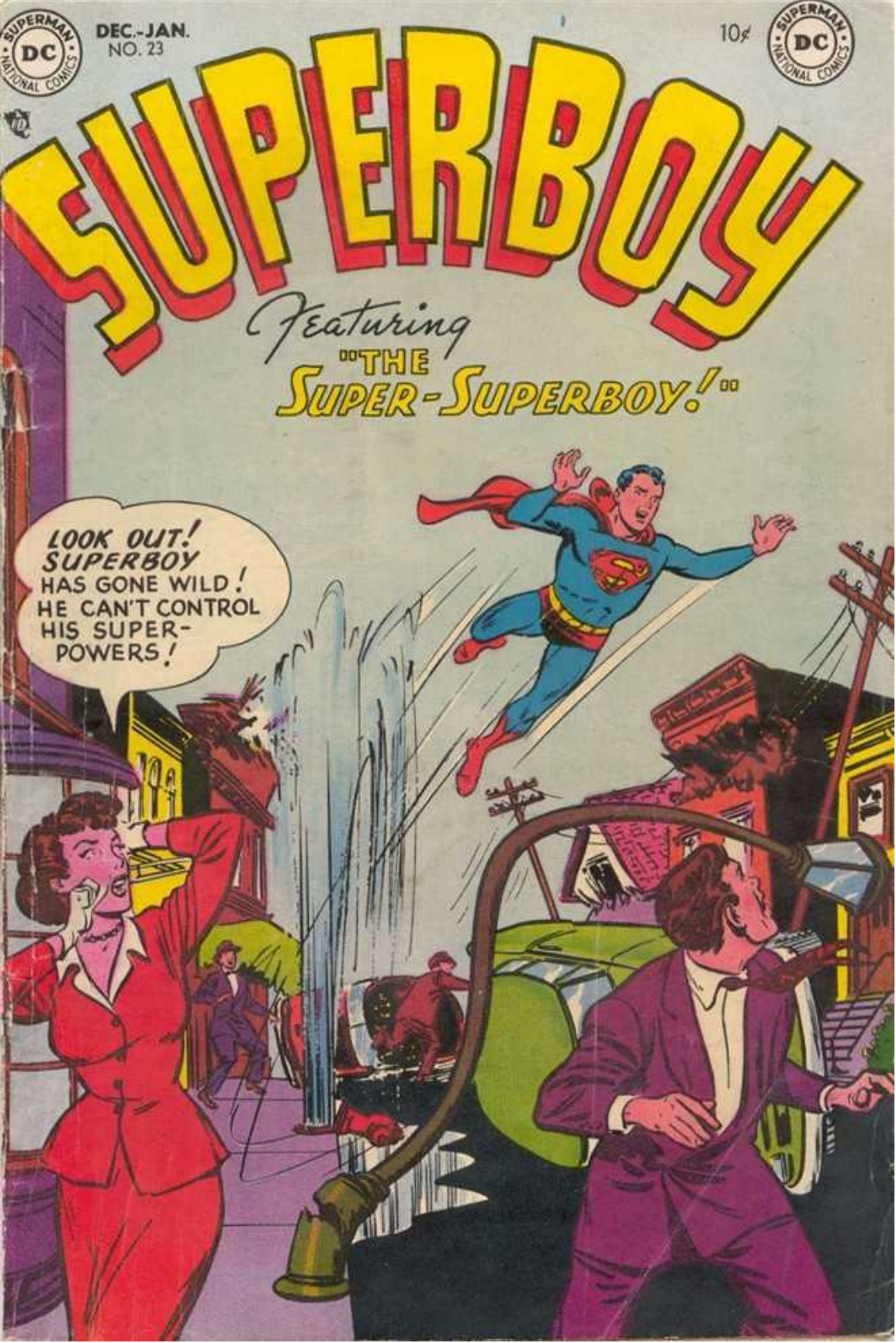
SUPERBOY

Featuring "THE SUPER-SUPERBOY!"



SUPERBOY
The ADVENTURES of SUPERMAN
WHEN HE WAS A BOY
WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IF CLARK KENT BECAME RICH BEYOND HIS WILDEST DREAMS? DO YOU THINK HE'D BE GENEROUS WITH HIS MONEY TO SUPPORT WORTHY CAUSES? DO YOU THINK HE'D BE HELPFUL AND FREE WITH HIS MONEY TO SUPPORT AMAZES THE PEOPLE OF SMALL-VILLE BY BECOMING STINGY, GREEDY AND MONEY-MAD! FOR THEY CAN'T SUSPECT THE STRANGE CHAIN OF CIRCUMSTANCES THAT HAVE BROUGHT HIM UNWANTED WEALTH AND HAVE FORCED HIM TO BECOME—
"CLARK KENT —MISER!"
SUPERBOY HAS TO BUILD THE NEW HOSPITAL BECAUSE CLARK KENT'S TOO STINGY TO DONATE ANY OF HIS FORTUNE TO HELP!
CLARK KENT RESIDENCE

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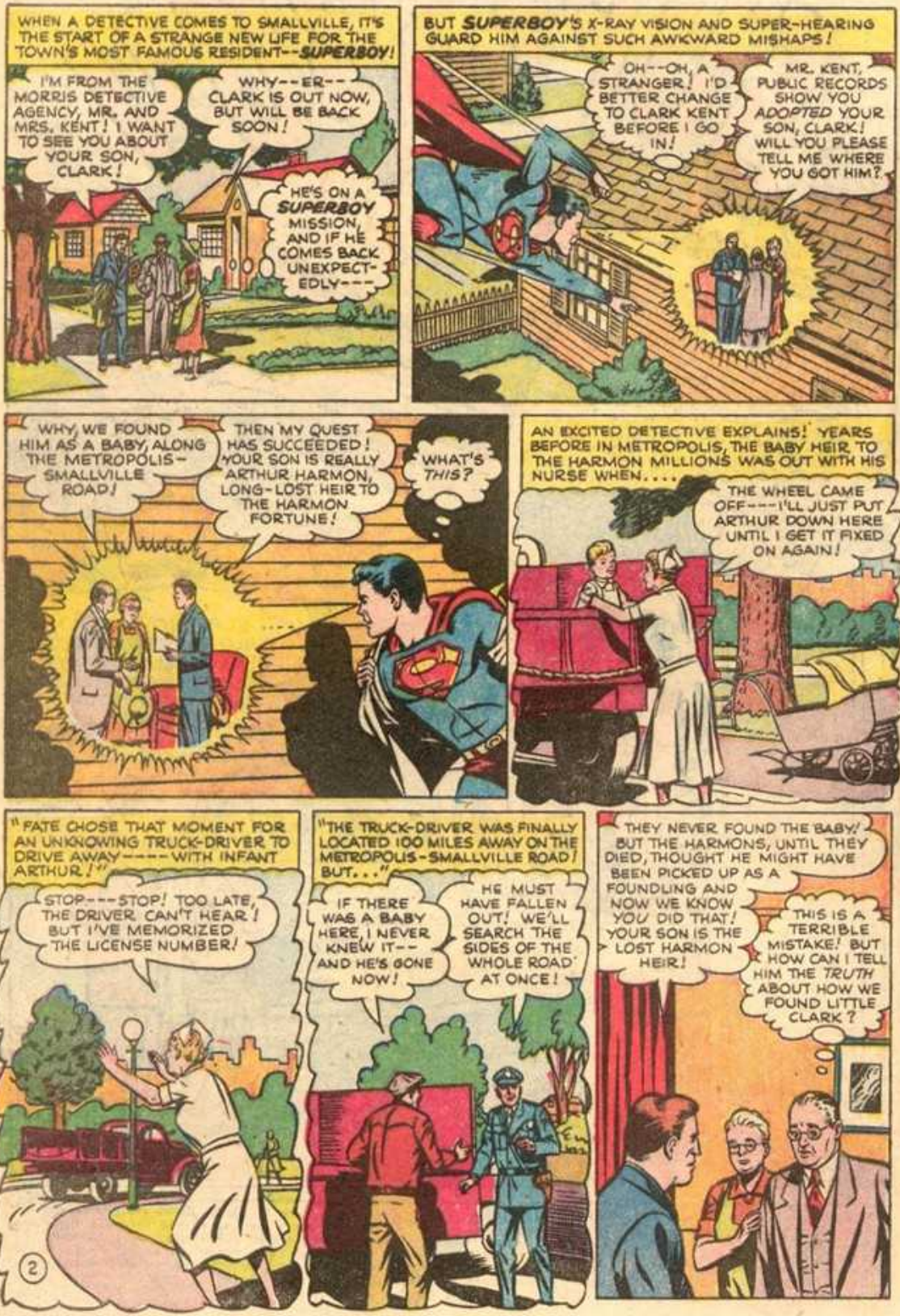
WHEN A DETECTIVE COMES TO SMALLVILLE, IT'S THE START OF A STRANGE NEW LIFE FOR THE TOWN'S MOST FAMOUS RESIDENT--SUPERBOY!
I'M FROM THE MORRIS DETECTIVE AGENCY, MR. AND MRS. KENT! I WANT TO SEE YOU ABOUT YOUR SON, CLARK!
WHY--ER--CLARK IS OUT NOW, BUT WILL BE BACK SOON!
HE'S ON A SUPERBOY MISSION, AND IF HE COMES BACK UNEXPECTEDLY---
BUT SUPERBOY'S X-RAY VISION AND SUPER-HEARING GUARD HIM AGAINST SUCH AWKWARD MISHAPS!
OH--OH, A STRANGER! I'D BETTER CHANGE TO CLARK KENT BEFORE I GO IN!
MR. KENT, PUBLIC RECORDS SHOW YOU ADOPTED YOUR SON, CLARK! WILL YOU PLEASE TELL ME WHERE YOU GOT HIM?
WHY, WE FOUND HIM AS A BABY, ALONG THE METROPOLIS-SMALLVILLE ROAD!
THEN MY QUEST HAS SUCCEEDED! YOUR SON IS REALLY ARTHUR HARMON, LONG-LOST HEIR TO THE HARMON FORTUNE!
WHAT'S THIS?
AN EXCITED DETECTIVE EXPLAINS! YEARS BEFORE IN METROPOLIS, THE BABY HEIR TO THE HARMON MILLIONS WAS OUT WITH HIS NURSE WHEN....
THE WHEEL CAME OFF---I'LL JUST PUT ARTHUR DOWN HERE UNTIL I GET IT FIXED ON AGAIN!
"FATE CHOSE THAT MOMENT FOR AN UNKNOWING TRUCK-DRIVER TO DRIVE AWAY---WITH INFANT ARTHUR!"
STOP---STOP! TOO LATE, THE DRIVER CAN'T HEAR! BUT I'VE MEMORIZED THE LICENSE NUMBER!
"THE TRUCK-DRIVER WAS FINALLY LOCATED 100 MILES AWAY ON THE METROPOLIS-SMALLVILLE ROAD! BUT..."
IF THERE WAS A BABY HERE, I NEVER KNEW IT--AND HE'S GONE NOW!
HE MUST HAVE FALLEN OUT! WE'LL SEARCH THE SIDES OF THE WHOLE ROAD AT ONCE!
THEY NEVER FOUND THE BABY! BUT THE HARMONS, UNTIL THEY DIED, THOUGHT HE MIGHT HAVE BEEN PICKED UP AS A FOUNDLING AND NOW WE KNOW YOU DID THAT! YOUR SON IS THE LOST HARMON HEIR!
THIS IS A TERRIBLE MISTAKE! BUT HOW CAN I TELL HIM THE TRUTH ABOUT HOW WE FOUND LITTLE CLARK?
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SO THIS IS YOUR ADOPTED SON! HE HAS THE SAME EYE AND HAIR COLOR AS ARTHUR HARMON HAD -- THAT CINCHES HIS IDENTITY!
CAN I TALK TO CLARK FOR A MOMENT ALONE?
PRESENTLY, IN THE NEXT ROOM...
I OVERHEARD IT ALL, WITH MY SUPER-HEARING! BUT I'M NOT THE LOST HARMON HEIR!
I KNOW THAT, BUT HOW CAN I TELL THEM HOW WE REALLY FOUND YOU...
"... IN THAT STRANGE ROCKET THAT FELL BY THE ROAD?"
LOOK, A ROCKET FROM OUTER SPACE!
THERE'S A BABY IN IT! JONATHAN, GET HIM!
"WE CAN'T REVEAL HOW THE ROCKET BURST INTO FLAME AFTER WE TOOK YOU FROM IT, AND HOW LATER WE FOUND OUT YOU WERE A SUPER-BABY!"
OUR LITTLE CLARK'S SUPER-POWERS WILL BE A GREAT FORCE FOR GOOD!
YES, BUT WE MUST ALWAYS KEEP HIS IDENTITY SECRET SO UNSCRUPULOUS PEOPLE CAN'T EXPLOIT HIM!
IF I TELL THAT, THE WHOLE WORLD WILL KNOW YOU ARE SUPERBOY! BUT IF I DON'T, THEY'LL BELIEVE THAT YOU'RE THE LOST HARMON HEIR!
THERE'S ONLY ONE SOLUTION — I'LL HAVE TO GO ALONG WITH THEIR MISTAKE AND BE ARTHUR HARMON UNTIL I CAN FIND THE REAL ARTHUR HARMON!
BUT CLARK'S TROUBLE DEEPENS WITH THE ARRIVAL FROM METROPOLIS OF MR. MARTIN WILLS, ATTORNEY!
YES, I'M CHIEF TRUSTEE FOR THE HARMON ESTATE, SINCE ARTHUR'S PARENTS DIED YEARS AGO! AND I MUST MAKE SURE YOU HAVE THE RIGHT KIND OF HOME FOR A MILLIONAIRE LIKE ARTHUR!
BUT MY PARENTS--- I MEAN, MY FOSTER-PARENTS-- HAVE ALWAYS GIVEN ME A WONDERFUL HOME HERE!
I'M---ER--SURE THEY'VE DONE THEIR BEST, BUT YOU MUST HAVE A MORE FITTING RESIDENCE! YOUR FOSTER-PARENTS CAN LIVE WITH YOU IN IT!
IT'LL BE HARD TO LEAVE OUR OLD HOME HERE, BUT WE'LL DO IT TO STAY WITH CLARK--- I MEAN--WITH ARTHUR!
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THINGS MOVE FAST WHEN MONEY IS NO OBJECT! AND SOON...
IT'S NICE, MR. WILLS--- BUT WE DIDN'T NEED ANYTHING THIS FANCY!
YOU MUST REMEMBER YOUR NEW POSITION! AND OF COURSE, MR. KENT WILL HAVE TO GIVE UP HIS STORE---IT WOULDN'T LOOK WELL FOR HIM TO.. ER... WORK BEHIND A COUNTER.
BUT--- BUT---

INSIDE THE LAVISH MANSION, CLARK BEGINS TO LEARN WHAT A MILLIONAIRE'S LIFE CAN BE LIKE!
ARTHUR, THIS ALLOWANCE WILL PROVIDE YOU WITH SUITABLE SPENDING MONEY FOR THE TIME BEING!
BUT THAT MONEY ISN'T MINE--- IT BELONGS TO THE REAL ARTHUR HARMON! I CAN'T SPEND IT, AND I'LL HAVE TO TAKE GOOD CARE OF IT!

BUT "SWIFTY" SAVOY AND HIS PAL HAVE DIFFERENT IDEAS ON THAT!
I'LL TAKE THAT MONEY---I'VE FOLLOWED YOU EVER SINCE I SAW YOU DRAW IT OUT OF THE BANK!
OH, OH---I CAN'T LOSE THAT MONEY BUT I CAN'T SWITCH TO SUPERBOY IN FRONT OF THEM!

AN INSTANT LATER, AS THE CROOKS RACE FOR THEIR GETAWAY CAR WITH EASY LOOT...
AN OUTRAGE! I'LL CALL THE POLICE---
I SEE SUPERBOY PASSING! I'LL ASK HIM TO HELP!

A FAST SWITCH OF IDENTITIES IN AN UNOCCUPIED HALLWAY, AND CLARK IS AGAIN THE BOY OF STEEL!
THAT WAS A GOOD HAUL, "SWIFTY"--- AND LIKE TAKING CANDY FROM A BABY!
YEAH, BUT I WANT TO MAKE TIME BEFORE THESE HICK POLICE CATCH ON!
THEY'RE IN SUCH A HURRY, THAT I THINK I'LL GIVE THEM---
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---A LIFT, RIGHT TO THE POLICE STATION!
SUPERBOY! WE'RE SUNK--- I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN BETTER THAN TO TRY ANYTHING IN SMALLVILLE!

WITH THE CAPTURED THUGS SAFELY LOCKED UP, SUPERBOY METEORS BACK TO THE "CLARK KENT MANSION".
ARTHUR, WHERE ARE YOU?
COMING, SIR! SUPERBOY CAUGHT THEM, AND GAVE ME BACK THE MONEY!
I'VE GOT TO FIND THE REAL ARTHUR, OR I'LL LOSE MY MIND!

I SEE THAT VISITORS ARE ARRIVING---I'LL GO DOWN AND MEET THEM!
I'D BETTER COUNT THIS MONEY, TO MAKE SURE IT'S ALL HERE!

BUT CLARK'S TROUBLES WITH HIS MONEY ARE ONLY BEGINNING--- AS HE LEARNS WHEN THE SMALLVILLE HOSPITAL COMMITTEE DROPS IN!
SINCE YOU INHERITED A FORTUNE, CLARK, WE WERE SURE YOU'D DONATE TOWARD THE NEW BRANCH HOSPITAL WE NEED SO BADLY!
BUT IT ISN'T MY MONEY TO DONATE--- WHAT CAN I TELL THEM?
I---ER-- CAN'T AFFORD IT! TEN THOUSAND--- FIFTEEN THOUSAND---

THIS MONEY HAS CERTAINLY CHANGED YOU, CLARK! YOU WERE ALWAYS A GENEROUS BOY BEFORE--- NOW YOU'RE STINGY!
ER-- PERHAPS YOU CAN GET SUPERBOY TO BUILD IT FOR YOU!
I'LL LOCK MYSELF UP TO "STUDY," SO I CAN SLIP OUT AGAIN!

SO PRESENTLY, THE BUILDING MATERIALS GATHERED FOR THE NEW PROJECT GO UP WITH AMAZING SPEED!
LOOK AT HIM RIVETING THOSE GIRDERS WITH HIS FISTS! YOU CAN ALWAYS DEPEND ON SUPERBOY!
YES-- HE'S NOT LIKE THAT TIGHTWAD CLARK KENT, WHO LET HIS GOOD FORTUNE GO TO HIS HEAD!
I HEARD THAT CRACK—

---AND I'D BETTER FIND THE REAL ARTHUR HARMON BEFORE MY CLARK KENT REPUTATION IS RUINED FOREVER! BUT HOW CAN YOU FIND A BABY LOST ALL THOSE YEARS AGO?

SO THAT NIGHT, DESPERATE CLARK KENT TRIES TO FIND A LONG-LOST TRAIL!
THESE PICTURES AND RECORDS OF BABY ARTHUR I GOT FROM MR. WILLS DON'T HELP MUCH! HE HAD NO BIRTH-MARKS. HE DID GET HIS FINGER CAUGHT IN A DOOR ONCE, BUT IT DIDN'T LEAVE ANY SCAR---
BUT WAIT A MINUTE--- THAT MIGHT HELP ME IDENTIFY HIM, IF I FOUND HIM! BUT HOW TO FIND HIM AFTER ALL THESE YEARS? IT SEEMS HOPELESS!
NEXT DAY, WHEN CLARK LEAVES SCHOOL, HE FINDS A MILLIONAIRE IS EXPECTED TO TRAVEL IN STYLE!
MR. WILLS SENT YOUR CAR FOR YOU, SIR!
HE DIDN'T NEED TO!
I HATE TO GO AROUND WITH ALL THAT MONEY IN MY POCKETS, BUT IT DIDN'T SEEM SAFE TO LEAVE IT IN THE HOUSE!
HEY, HERE'S OUR NEW MILLIONAIRE, FELLOWS! HE'LL HELP US OUT NOW THAT HE'S SO RICH!
WE'RE TAKING UP A COLLECTION TO SEND OUR SCHOOL BAND DOWN TO THE BIG BAND CONTEST TOMORROW!
I'VE GOT LESS THAN A DOLLAR OF MY OWN MONEY---
ALL I CAN GIVE YOU IS FIFTY CENTS!
FIFTY CENTS! WELL, OUR BAND'S TRIP IS OFF!
YEAH, AND DID YOU SEE THAT WAD OF BILLS? WHAT A SKINFLINT!
BY AVOIDING THE MIRROR'S FIELD OF VIEW, I CAN SWITCH TO SUPERBOY AND GET OUT OF THE WINDOW WITHOUT THE CHAUFFEUR SEEING ME--- BUT I'VE GOT TO WORK FAST!
MOMENTS LATER, AT THE PARK BANDSTAND...
NO USE PRACTISING ANY MORE-- THEY COULDN'T COLLECT ENOUGH MONEY TO SEND US TO THE CONTEST!
YOU WON'T NEED TRAIN-FARE! THE CITY OFFICIALS GAVE ME PERMISSION TO BORROW THIS BANDSTAND-- SO HANG ON TIGHT!
HIGH BAND
6

AND ACROSS THE SKY THE SUPER-BOY SPECIAL WHIZZES TOWARD ITS DESTINATION!
SAY, THIS IS REALLY TRAVELING!
I'LL SAY---AND WE'LL GET THERE IN PLENTY OF TIME, THANKS TO SUPERBOY
HIGH BAND
SMALLVILLE

THANKS, SUPERBOY--- WE'LL DO OUR BEST TO WIN FOR SMALLVILLE!
BAND
GOOD LUCK--- AND I'LL COME BACK FOR YOU WHEN THE CONTEST'S OVER!
AND NOW TO GET BACK INTO THE CAR BEFORE THE CHAUFFEUR MISSES ME!

WHEW! I BARELY MADE IT!
TELEPHONE FOR YOU, MASTER ARTHUR--- A MISS LANA LANG!

LANA LANG ALWAYS MEANS TROUBLE FOR CLARK— AND THIS TIME IS NO EXCEPTION!
ABOUT THAT DATE YOU ASKED ME FOR A FEW WEEKS AGO, CLARK— I'VE DECIDED TO GO OUT WITH YOU TONIGHT!
ER--- THAT'LL BE FINE, LANA---
EXCEPT THAT I'M BROKE! AND I HAVE NO RIGHT TO SPEND ONE PENNY OF ARTHUR'S FORTUNE!

LANA LANG'S GLAMOROUS DATE WITH A MILLIONAIRE IS NOT AT ALL THE WAY SHE DREAMED OF IT!
OH, CLARK, LET'S GO TO THE MOVIE!
I'M SORRY, LANA--- I CAN'T AFFORD IT!

WELL, AT LEAST YOU CAN BUY ME A SODA!
ER---I'LL BUY YOU A SOFT DRINK, LANA---IT'S CHEAPER!

I NEVER HEARD OF SUCH STINGINESS! GOOD NIGHT!
WAIT, LANA---
WHAT A TIGHTWAD HE TURNED OUT TO BE! HE OUGHT TO BE ASHAMED OF HIMSELF!
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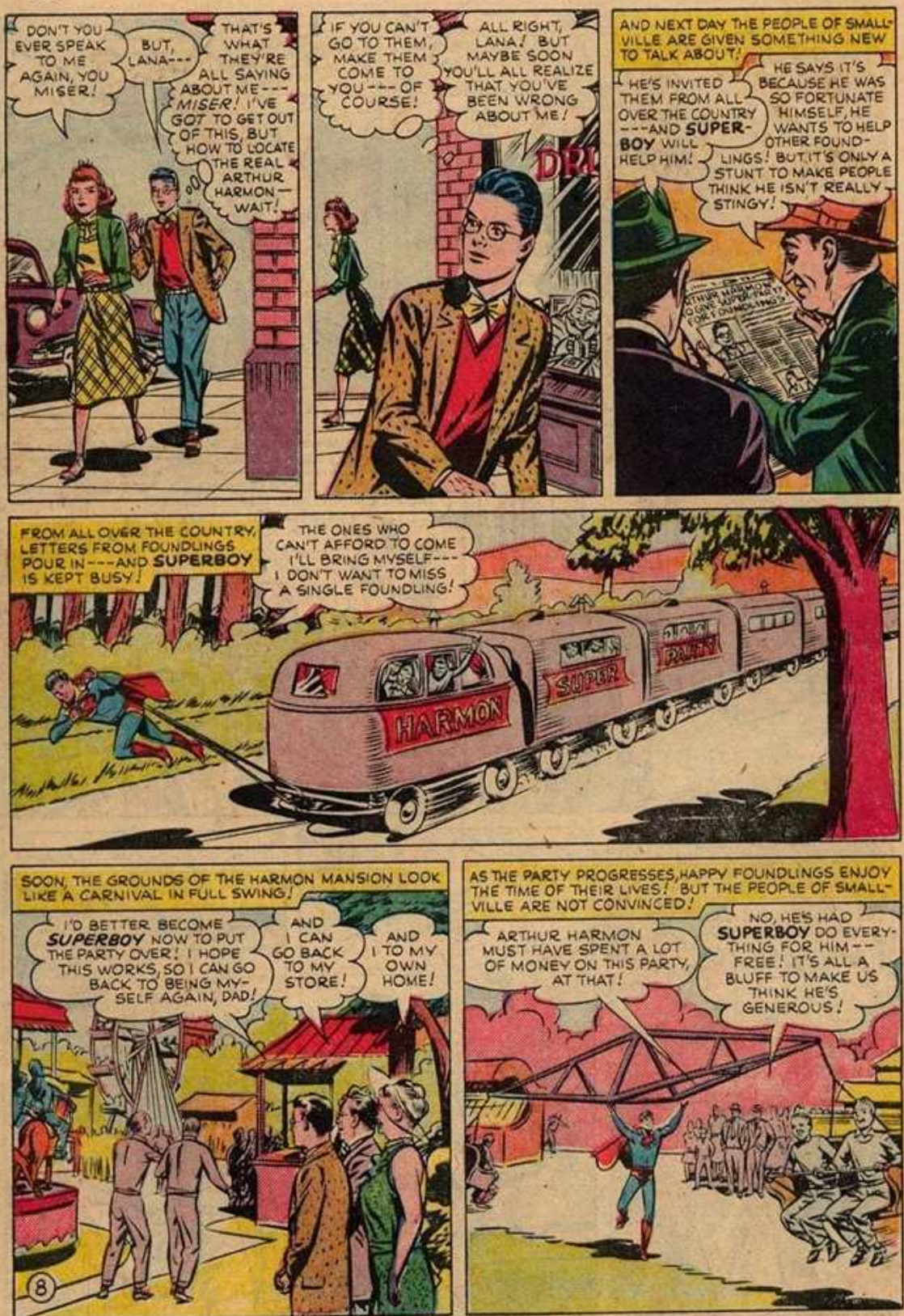
DON'T YOU EVER SPEAK TO ME AGAIN, YOU MISER!
BUT, LANA---
THAT'S WHAT THEY'RE ALL SAYING ABOUT ME--- MISER! I'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF THIS, BUT HOW TO LOCATE THE REAL ARTHUR HARMON— WAIT!
IF YOU CAN'T GO TO THEM, MAKE THEM COME TO YOU--- OF COURSE!
ALL RIGHT, LANA! BUT MAYBE SOON YOU'LL ALL REALIZE THAT YOU'VE BEEN WRONG ABOUT ME!
AND NEXT DAY THE PEOPLE OF SMALLVILLE ARE GIVEN SOMETHING NEW TO TALK ABOUT!
HE'S INVITED THEM FROM ALL OVER THE COUNTRY ---AND SUPERBOY WILL HELP HIM!
HE SAYS IT'S BECAUSE HE WAS SO FORTUNATE HIMSELF, HE WANTS TO HELP OTHER FOUNDLINGS! BUT IT'S ONLY A STUNT TO MAKE PEOPLE THINK HE ISN'T REALLY STINGY!
FROM ALL OVER THE COUNTRY, LETTERS FROM FOUNDLINGS POUR IN---AND SUPERBOY IS KEPT BUSY!
THE ONES WHO CAN'T AFFORD TO COME I'LL BRING MYSELF--- I DON'T WANT TO MISS A SINGLE FOUNDLING!
HARMON
SUPER
SOON, THE GROUNDS OF THE HARMON MANSION LOOK LIKE A CARNIVAL IN FULL SWING!
I'D BETTER BECOME SUPERBOY NOW TO PUT THE PARTY OVER! I HOPE THIS WORKS, SO I CAN GO BACK TO BEING MYSELF AGAIN, DAD!
AND I CAN GO BACK TO MY STORE!
AND I TO MY OWN HOME!
AS THE PARTY PROGRESSES, HAPPY FOUNDLINGS ENJOY THE TIME OF THEIR LIVES! BUT THE PEOPLE OF SMALLVILLE ARE NOT CONVINCED!
ARTHUR HARMON MUST HAVE SPENT A LOT OF MONEY ON THIS PARTY, AT THAT!
NO, HE'S HAD SUPERBOY DO EVERYTHING FOR HIM--- FREE! IT'S ALL A BLUFF TO MAKE US THINK HE'S GENEROUS!
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IN THE MIDDLE OF THE HOT AFTERNOON, SUPERBOY DARTS AWAY--AND SOON RETURNS WITH A SURPRISE!
THERE'S SUPERBOY BACK AGAIN ALREADY--- BUT WHAT'S HE CARRYING?
IT'S AN ICEBERG! WONDER WHAT HE'LL DO WITH IT!
IN MOMENTS, THE BOY OF STEEL HOLLOWS THE GREAT BERG INTO A HUGE ICE-BOWL, AND THEN...
A LOT OF MILK, SUGAR AND FRUIT POURED INTO THIS NATURAL FREEZER, AND---
---AND PRESTO, A SUPER-SUNDAE! AND NOW TO GET ON WITH THE EXHIBITION THEY ASKED FOR!
BEFORE A DELIGHTED AUDIENCE, A BREATHTAKING DEMONSTRATION OF SUPER-SPEED AND INVULNERABILITY
LOOK--- HE GOES SO FAST, YOU CAN HARDLY SEE HIM!
HE'S BURSTING THE ROCK APART, JUST LIKE A CANNON SHELL!
AND FOR A DEMONSTRATION OF SUPER-STRENGTH, I'M GOING TO MAKE SOUVENIR RINGS FOR EVERYONE OUT OF THIS STEEL PIPE BY SLICING THIS PIPE WITH MY HAND!
WHEN THE RINGS ARE MADE...
NO LUCK YET--- BUT IT'S GOT TO WORK!
GEE, WHAT A SUPER-SOUVENIR!
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ONLY A FEW LEFT NOW---MAYBE HE ISN'T HERE AFTER ALL---BUT WAIT, WHAT'S THIS?
MY--MY PARENTS? WHY, OUR TRAILER IS RIGHT OVER THERE---BUT I DON'T UNDERSTAND!
COME ON, I WANT TO SEE THEM RIGHT AWAY!
WHY, WE FOUND OUR BOY JIM AS A BABY, ABANDONED ON THE METROPOLIS-SMALLVILLE ROAD!
SEE, I'VE ALWAYS SAVED HIS BABY CLOTHES
SWELL! BRING THEM WITH US TO THE HOUSE!
AND IN THE MANSION, SUPERBOY EXPLAINS!
ARTHUR HARMON BROKE HIS FINGER AS A BABY! IT HEALED, AND LEFT NO SCAR---BUT THE FINGER-BONE STILL SHOWS THE EFFECT, AS I SAW BY X-RAY VISION! AND THESE ARE ARTHUR'S BABY-CLOTHES, AREN'T THEY?
AFTER EXAMINATION OF THE EVIDENCE...
WHY, HE IS THE REAL ARTHUR HARMON! BUT WHY DIDN'T YOU REPORT FINDING HIM WHEN THE SEARCH WAS ON?
WE NEVER HEARD OF THE SEARCH--WE'RE SHOW FOLK AND WERE DRIVING THROUGH TO A DISTANT STATE FOR AN ENGAGEMENT!
SO THAT PRESENTLY, ONE "HEIR" PACKS UP TO GO WHILE ANOTHER MOVES IN!
GEE, CLARK, YOU'VE BEEN SWELL ABOUT ALL THIS! I'M GOING TO FOLLOW YOUR EXAMPLE AND USE MY FORTUNE TO HELP OTHER FOUNDLINGS, LIKE US!
THAT'S GREAT, ARTHUR! AND AS FOR ME, I'LL BE GLAD TO BE JUST CLARK KENT AGAIN!
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AND AFTER THE HAPPY KENTS HAVE MOVED BACK TO THEIR OLD HOME...
CLARK, ARTHUR TOLD US WAY YOU WOULDN'T SPEND ANY OF THE FORTUNE--AND WE'RE SURE SORRY WE CALLED YOU A MISER!
WELL, EVERY-THING'S ALL RIGHT NOW!
OH, IS IT? MY ONLY DATE WITH A MILLION-AIRE--AND ALL I GOT WAS A NICKEL DRINK!
THE END

SUPERMAN shows how UNICEF SPELLS HELP FOR THE CHILDREN OF THE WORLD!

GOSH, WE SAW NEARLY EVERYTHING ON ALL 38 FLOORS OF THE UNITED NATIONS BUILDING. IT WAS WONDERFUL!
SURE, BUT LET'S GET GOING TO THAT MOVIE NOW!
WHAT'S THE MATTER, LEE? AREN'T YOU COMING WITH US?
WELL--ER--NO--I DECIDED NOT TO GO...
THAT'S NOT QUITE TRUE, LEE...
I SAW HIM TALKING WITH A LADY FROM THE UNITED NATIONS. HE GAVE HIS MONEY TO UNICEF--THE ORGANIZATION THAT HELPS CHILDREN ALL OVER THE WORLD.
"YOU SEE, LEE REALIZES THAT IN MANY COUNTRIES, CHILDREN DO NOT GET THE PROPER CARE. UNICEF SETS UP CLINICS...TRAINS HEALTH WORKERS... HELPS OUT WITH MILK, SHOES AND CLOTHING, MEDICINE, AND PROVIDES MANY OTHER SERVICES FOR THE HEALTH AND WELFARE OF THE WORLD'S CHILDREN..."
WELL, IF LEE CAN DO WITHOUT THE MOVIE, I CAN, TOO. I'M GOING BACK AND GIVE MY MOVIE MONEY TO UNICEF.
ME, TOO! WE CAN ALL GO TO THE ZOO FOR NOTHING AND HAVE A GOOD TIME THERE!
THE UNITED NATIONS WANTS TO HELP ALL CHILDREN GROW UP WELL AND STRONG. WHEN YOU SEE THOSE INITIALS, UNICEF, REMEMBER, IT MEANS HELP FOR CHILDREN FROM THE UNITED NATIONS!

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SUPERBOY
The ADVENTURES of SUPERMAN
WHEN HE WAS A BOY
WE'LL BEGIN TODAY'S ASTRONOMY CLASS WITH A FIRST-HAND STUDY OF THE MOON'S CRATERS!
THIS IS NOTHING. YOU SHOULD SEE HOW SUPERBOY TAUGHT OUR ENGLISH CLASS THIS MORNING!
ALL ABOARD FOR THE MOON--OR THE NORTH POLE--OR CHINA. IT DEPENDS ON WHAT YOU'RE STUDYING. AND THANKS TO THE MOST AMAZING TEACHER IN THE WORLD, YOU WON'T LEARN ABOUT IT FROM A BOOK BUT FROM THE REAL THING! IT ALL COMES ABOUT WHEN---
"SUPERBOY GOES TO COLLEGE!"

ONE DAY IN SMALLVILLE, AS YOUNG CLARK KENT RETURNS WITH THE DELIVERY WAGON TO HIS FATHER'S GENERAL STORE...

GUESS WHAT, CLARK! MY BIG BROTHER, ED, WHO TEACHES AT EXWELL COLLEGE IN THE NEXT COUNTY, IS COMING HOME ON A WEEK'S VACATION! AND GUESS WHO WILL BE TEACHING THERE WHILE HE'S AWAY-- SUPERBOY!

ER--WELL--GOSH--THAT'S WONDERFUL, GEORGE!

KENT'S GENERAL STORE

SHORTLY AFTER, IN THE REAR OF THE KENT GENERAL STORE, AS CLARK SWITCHES TO HIS SECRET IDENTITY OF SUPERBOY...

SO YOU'RE LEAVING FOR EXWELL TODAY, CLARK!

YES, DAD. THE DEAN ASKED ME TO TEACH THERE SO THAT SOME OF THE TEACHERS CAN TAKE A LONG-NEEDED VACATION. I'M GLAD TO HELP OUT--EXWELL IS A WONDERFUL COLLEGE FOR SMALLVILLE STUDENTS WHO CAN'T AFFORD TO TRAVEL FAR FROM HOME!

AND SHORTLY AFTER, AS THE BOY OF STEEL ARRIVES AT THE CAMPUS OF EXWELL COLLEGE...

LOOKS AS IF THEY'VE REALLY GOT THE WELCOME MAT OUT FOR ME... GOOD THING CLARK WAS ABLE TO GET AHEAD ON SCHOOL WORK AND EARN PERMISSION "TO LEAVE SCHOOL TO VISIT DAD'S RELATIVES IN THE EAST"— OR SUPERBOY COULD NEVER HAVE COME TO EXWELL...

THEN, AS HE IS GREETED BY TEACHERS AND STUDENTS...

THANK YOU FOR THE RECEPTION, DEAN FORWELL. ER--I DON'T SEE PROFESSOR BLAIR THOUGH, THE WONDERFUL TEACHER I'VE ALWAYS HEARD SO MUCH ABOUT...

GOSH--TO THINK WE'LL HAVE SUPERBOY FOR A TEACHER!

ER--WELL--PROFESSOR BLAIR COULDN'T MAKE IT, SUPERBOY...

SUPERBOY WILL SOON FIND OUT WHY PROFESSOR BLAIR COULDN'T MAKE IT!

THE NEXT DAY, EXWELL'S GEOLOGY CLASS LEARNS ITS LESSON IN THE MOST DRAMATIC MANNER EVER SEEN ON ANY CAMPUS...

LOOK! SUPERBOY'S BRINGING A REAL ICEBERG!

SURE--INSTEAD OF A DRY CLASSROOM LECTURE ON ICE FORMATIONS, HE'S GIVING US A DEMONSTRATION OF THE REAL THING IN OUR STADIUM!

AND AS SUPERBOY BEGINS HIS FIRST LECTURE TO THE GEOLOGY CLASS WHOSE REGULAR TEACHER IS THE FIRST TO LEAVE ON VACATION...

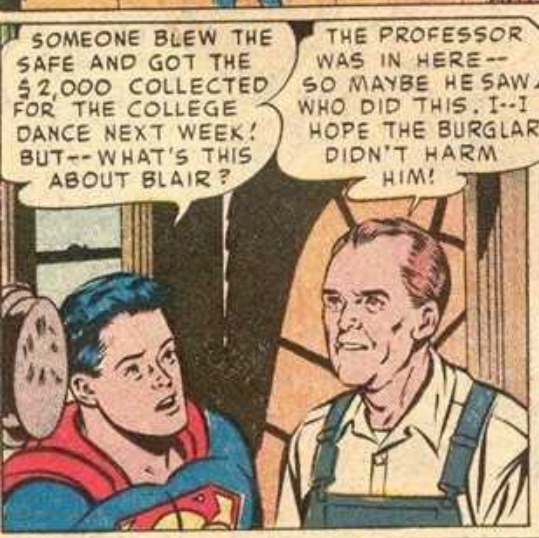
NOW, AS I SPLIT THIS ICE MASS OPEN, YOU'LL SEE FOR YOURSELF HOW THE DIFFERENT ICE LAYERS HAVE BEEN BUILT UP!

MEANWHILE, AT THE FACULTY CLUB-ROOM JUST ACROSS THE CAMPUS, PROFESSOR BLAIR'S REASON FOR FAILING TO ATTEND SUPERBOY'S WELCOME COMES OUT...
BUT PROFESSOR BLAIR--YOU--THE OLDEST AND MOST HONORED MEMBER OF OUR TEACHING STAFF! WHY ARE YOU SO HOSTILE TO SUPERBOY?
BECAUSE I'M OPPOSED TO HIS TEACHING HERE--NO MATTER HOW MUCH HE MAY KNOW!
TRUE TEACHING REQUIRES WISDOM AND EXPERIENCE BESIDES KNOWLEDGE. AND NO YOUNGSTER--GENIUS OR NOT--HAS THAT! SO DON'T EXPECT ME TO TREAT SUPERBOY AS AN EQUAL!
LOOK TOWARD THE STADIUM AND YOU'LL SEE WHAT A FINE TEACHER HE IS!
NOTHING WILL CONVINCE ME. BESIDES, I LEFT MY GLASSES IN MY OFFICE AND, AS YOU KNOW, I CAN HARDLY SEE WITHOUT THEM--OOPS!
CAREFUL, PROFESSOR! YOU SHOULD KNOW BETTER THAN TO WANDER AROUND WITHOUT YOUR GLASSES!
AFTER PROFESSOR BLAIR'S DEPARTURE...
I DON'T UNDERSTAND BLAIR'S ATTITUDE. IT'S NOT LIKE HIM! PERSONALLY--I DON'T BELIEVE HE'S GIVING US HIS REAL REASON FOR OBJECTING TO SUPERBOY!
THAT'S WHAT I THINK! BUT WHAT IS HIS REAL REASON?
A QUESTION THAT SUPERBOY HIMSELF IS DUE TO WONDER ABOUT, FOR AT THE TEACHERS' CAFETERIA NEXT DAY...
SO MANY YOUNGSTERS FROM NEARBY SMALLVILLE, MY HOME TOWN, COME HERE, THAT I'VE A SPECIAL INTEREST IN EXWELL, AND I--OOPS!
PROFESSOR BLAIR! GOOD GRACIOUS!
IT'S ONLY A MINOR ACCIDENT! A LITTLE SUPER-SPEED FRICTION AND I'M CLEAN AGAIN!
BUT WAS IT AN ACCIDENT?
AND WHAT IF IT WASN'T? INSTEAD OF THIS YOUNGSTER USING THE STUDENTS CAFETERIA WITH OTHERS OF HIS AGE--HE SITS WITH US ADULTS! WHAT'S MORE--HE'S OCCUPYING THE VERY SEAT THAT I'VE USED DAILY FOR 30 YEARS!
3

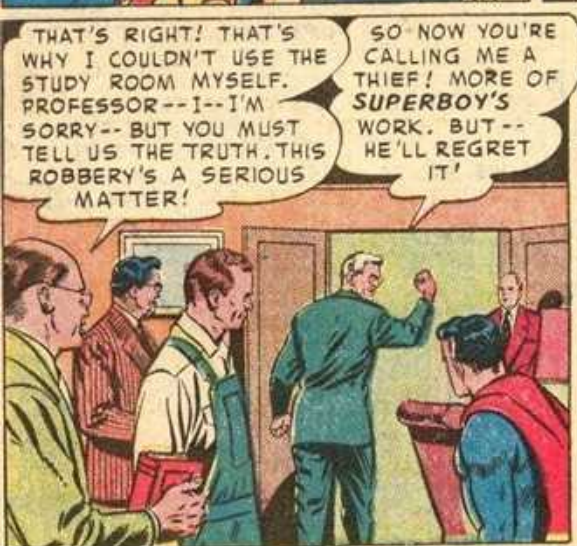
GOSH--I DIDN'T REALIZE HE FELT THAT WAY ABOUT ME!
DON'T TAKE IT TO HEART, SUPERBOY. BLAIR HAPPENS TO BE THE NATION'S GREATEST ENGLISH TEACHER, SO HE PROBABLY FINDS IT HARD TO BELIEVE THAT A YOUNGSTER LIKE YOU COULD TAKE OVER HIS WORK!
BUT SUPERBOY DOES TAKE IT TO HEART--AND CONSEQUENTLY, AT THE COLLEGE LIBRARY EARLY NEXT MORNING...
A MAN OF BLAIR'S REPUTATION IS ENTITLED TO BE DOUBTFUL OF ME. BUT THANKS TO SUPER-SPEED, PLUS MY PHOTOGRAPHIC MEMORY, I'LL KNOW EVERY MAJOR WORK ON ENGLISH IN AN HOUR. THEN I'LL GO SEE BLAIR AND PROVE TO HIM THAT I'M MORE THAN QUALIFIED!
BUT--THE OLD PROFESSOR PROVES DIFFICULT TO SATISFY--EVEN FOR SUPERBOY. FOR SHORTLY AFTER...
SO--YOU CLAIM TO KNOW SHAKESPEARE BY HEART, EH? WELL--YOU LEFT OUT THE WORD HIM IN THAT SPEECH YOU JUST QUOTED! A SMALL ERROR, BUT IMPORTANT!
HMM--THERE MUST'VE BEEN A MISPRINT IN THE COPY I READ! BUT STILL--EVEN HE DOESN'T KNOW SHAKESPEARE BY HEART!
AND THEN--AS HE CATCHES SUPERBOY ON STILL ANOTHER POINT...
AND YOU DO NOT KNOW THE ENTIRE STORY OF COLUMBUS AND HIS DISCOVERY OF AMERICA, THIS LETTER HE WROTE TO QUEEN ISABELLA, FOR EXAMPLE, WAS NEVER PUBLISHED! I COPIED IT FROM THE ORIGINAL LETTER AT THE BRITISH MUSEUM IN LONDON 20 YEARS AGO!
BUT YOU CAN'T THINK ME UNQUALIFIED BECAUSE OF THAT! IT'S UNFAIR!
UNFAIR OR NOT, SUPERBOY CAN NOT SOFTEN THE PROFESSOR. BUT WHY? THE NEXT WEEK, AS HE TAKES OVER THE DUTIES OF THE ATHLETIC COACH, SUPERBOY STILL WONDERS ABOUT BLAIR'S STRANGE ATTITUDE.
REMEMBER, SUPERBOY, EVEN THOUGH WE'RE ELEVEN AGAINST YOU, YOU'VE GOT TO GIVE US TIME TO GET THE BALL IN MOTION BEFORE YOU TRY TO STOP US.
HUH--ER--OF COURSE.
THINKING ABOUT BLAIR IS MAKING ME ABSENT-MINDED...
AS THE QUARTERBACK RECEIVES THE BALL, THE OTHERS FORM A SOLID LINE OF DEFENSE, BUT...
GOSH, SUPERBOY--I-I GUESS I'M TOO SLOW!
NO---YOU'RE ALL DOING VERY WELL. BUT I THINK YOU CAN BECOME EVEN FASTER IF WE TRY THIS A FEW MORE TIMES...

BUT LATER, AS HE RETURNS FROM FOOTBALL PRACTICE...
BUT IF PROFESSOR BLAIR'D BEEN WILLING TO LET ME TAKE HIS PLACE, THIS WEEK WOULD'VE BEEN HIS TURN TO GO ON VACATION. BUT SINCE HE REFUSED --- HUH? A MUFFLED EXPLOSION! SEEMED TO COME FROM THE MAIN OFFICE...
BAM!

SWIFLY, SUPERBOY DASHES IN TO DISCOVER...
THE SAFE! IT'S BEEN BLASTED OPEN AND ROBBED! BUT--WHO'S THAT?
ME--THE CHIEF JANITOR. IS PROFESSOR BLAIR ALL RIGHT? I SAW HIM IN HERE A MOMENT AGO-- AND WHEN I HEARD THE EXPLOSION.. I.. RUSHED BACK HERE TO SEE WHAT HAPPENED!


SOMEONE BLEW THE SAFE AND GOT THE $2,000 COLLECTED FOR THE COLLEGE DANCE NEXT WEEK! BUT--WHAT'S THIS ABOUT BLAIR?
THE PROFESSOR WAS IN HERE-- SO MAYBE HE SAW WHO DID THIS. I--I HOPE THE BURGLARS DIDN'T HARM HIM!

BUT FEARS FOR BLAIR'S SAFETY ARE SOON DISPELLED AS SUPERBOY FINDS HIM JUST ENTERING THE FACULTY CLUB-ROOM ON THE FLOOR ABOVE...
NONSENSE! I WASN'T NEAR THE OFFICE! I'VE BEEN WORKING ACROSS THE HALL IN THE FACULTY STUDY ROOM FOR THE LAST HOUR!
BUT THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE! THE STUDY ROOM'S BEEN PITCH DARK ALL MORNING BECAUSE OF A SHORT CIRCUIT IN THE LIGHTING!


THAT'S RIGHT! THAT'S WHY I COULDN'T USE THE STUDY ROOM MYSELF. PROFESSOR--I--I'M SORRY-- BUT YOU MUST TELL US THE TRUTH. THIS ROBBERY'S A SERIOUS MATTER!
SO NOW YOU'RE CALLING ME A THIEF! MORE OF SUPERBOY'S WORK. BUT-- HE'LL REGRET IT!

HE COULDN'T BE THE THIEF-- YET-- WHY'D HE LIE ABOUT BEING IN THE STUDY ROOM? AND WHY DID HE REFUSE HIS VACATION? WAS IT BECAUSE HE KNEW THAT JUST THIS WEEK, FOLLOWING THE DANCE TICKET SALES, THERE'D BE SUCH A LARGE SUM IN THE SAFE?
5

SUPERBOY-- WHAT DO YOU THINK?
GENTLEMEN -- I'M--I'M SORRY! I--I CAN'T ANSWER THAT. NOT NOW ANYWAY. I'VE GOT TO GET OFF SOMEWHERE AND THINK...
PRESENTLY, ON A LONELY MOUNTAIN-TOP...
GOSH -- HOW CAN I BRING MYSELF TO GO CHECKING UP ON AN HONORED TEACHER LIKE BLAIR? EVEN WITH THE EVIDENCE AGAINST HIM -- I JUST CAN'T BRING MYSELF TO DO IT! WELL--- MAYBE A LITTLE WORK ON THAT PHYSICS CLASS CYCLOTRON WILL CLEAR MY HEAD!
SO, SHORTLY AFTER, IN THE SPECIAL COLLEGE LABORATORY WHERE HE HAS PUT IN SEVERAL SPARE HOURS OF CAREFUL CONSTRUCTION...
INSTEAD OF A REGULAR CYCLOTRON WITH AN ATOMIC PILE, I DEVELOPED THIS SPECIAL ONE ON WHICH IT'S MUCH EASIER FOR A STUDENT TO SEE THE DIFFERENT STEPS OF ATOM-SPLITTING.
BUT BEFORE TRYING IT ON SPECIFIC MATERIALS, IT'LL BE SAFER TO TEST IT ON MYSELF FIRST AND SEE HOW IT WORKS. SO I'LL HAVE TO OPERATE THE SWITCH RIGHT FROM THE STAGE HERE!
MM-- I'M AFRAID IT'S A LITTLE TOO POWERFUL. IF I RUN IT MORE THAN A FEW SECONDS, IT CAN DISINTEGRATE THE STAGE AND DO SERIOUS DAMAGE. I'LL HAVE TO WORK ON IT SOME MORE LATER. BUT RIGHT NOW, IT'S TIME FOR THE SENIOR EXAMINATIONS IN THE STUDY HALL!
PRESENTLY, AS SUPERBOY WATCHES OVER THE HUGE EXAMINATION ROOM...
MM-- ACCORDING TO MY TELESCOPIC VISION, THAT FELLOW IN BACK IS COPYING ANSWERS HE'S GOT INKED ON THE PALMS OF HIS HANDS. INSTEAD OF PUBLICLY EXPOSING HIM, I'LL TRY SOMETHING THAT'LL TEACH HIM A LESSON.

NO-NO! YOU'RE CHEATING! DON'T MAKE ME WRITE IT!
THE PEN-- IT-IT'S TALKING! N-NO-- IT MUST BE MY CONSCIENCE.. I--I'LL N-NEVER CHEAT AGAIN!
NOTHING LIKE VENTRILOQUISM TO AWAKEN A TARDY CONSCIENCE...

THEN--A SUDDEN INTERRUPTION...
SUPERBOY! THERE'S SMOKE COMING THROUGH THE DOOR OF THE LABORATORY WHERE YOU'VE BEEN BUILDING THAT CYCLOTRON!
GREAT SCOTT! LOOK --YOU'LL HAVE TO TAKE OVER WATCHING THIS EXAMINATION!

ZOOMING INTO THE LABORATORY, SUPERBOY IS HORRIFIED TO FIND...
A FIRE! DELIBERATE SABOTAGE, TOO--JUDGING BY THOSE OIL-SOAKED PAPERS ON THE FLOOR! AND THE HEAT HAS FUSED THE SWITCH ON THE CYCLOTRON AND SET IT GOING WILDLY! HAVE TO MOVE FAST!

STREAKING WILDLY THROUGH THE ROOM, BEATING OUT THE FLAMES, THE BOY OF STEEL DISCOVERS...
OH-H-OH-- THERE GOES THAT WOODEN EXHAUST PLATFORM--FALLING STRAIGHT TOWARD THE CROWDED CAMPUS BELOW! BUT-- THAT ELECTRON BEAM! IT'S BUILDING UP ENOUGH POWER TO SMASH RIGHT THROUGH THE FLOOR!

I HAVE TO USE MY BODY AS A SHIELD UNTIL THE TUBE COOLS! SHUTTING OFF THE POWER WON'T STOP IT -- AND SMASHING THE TUBE MAY CAUSE A RADIATION-PACKED EXPLOSION! BUT THAT FALLING PLATFORM--HOW CAN I GRAB IT WITHOUT UNSHIELDING THESE RAYS?

A SPLIT SECOND OF DESPERATE INDECISION AND THEN...
AH-- THIS DOES IT! BY COLLARING MY HANDS LIKE A HOSE NOZZLE AROUND THE EMERGING BEAM. I CAN DIRECT IT AT THE FALLING PLATFORM SO THAT THE ELECTRONS CAN DISINTEGRATE IT BEFORE IT HITS THE GROUND!

PRESENTLY, WITH EVERYTHING ONCE MORE UNDER CONTROL, **SUPERBOY** RUEFULLY EXAMINES THE DAMAGE WHEN...

WHY--THESE GLASSES! PROFESSOR BLAIR'S! WELL--THAT SETTLES IT! AFTER THIS FEARFUL BUSINESS, I'VE GOT TO MAKE HIM TALK! AFTER ALL--DIDN'T HE THREATEN TO PAY ME BACK SOMEHOW? MAYBE HE'S MENTALLY ILL! ANYWAY--I'VE GOT TO CONFRONT HIM NOW!

AFTER A HASTY SEARCH, **SUPERBOY** REACHES THE MAIN LIBRARY IN TIME TO DISCOVER...

PROFESSOR--THE RAILING'S OUT! WAIT! LUCKY FOR YOU I WAS TRYING TO FIND YOU TO RETURN YOUR GLASSES! YOU APPARENTLY LEFT THEM BEHIND!

DEAR ME! THANK YOU! I CAN'T IMAGINE HOW THEY DISAPPEARED OFF MY DESK!

WAIT--DON'T PUT THEM ON YET, THEY'RE--

AH--**SUPERBOY**! I THOUGHT IT WAS YOU! DEAR ME--I SEE THE RAILING'S OUT! CLOSE CALL, WASN'T IT? WELL--NOW THAT I CAN SEE, I'LL BE ALL RIGHT. THANKS AGAIN...

AS BLAIR STROLLS JAUNTILY OFF TOWARD THE RAMP STAIRWAY, THE **BOY OF STEEL** SEEMS UTTERLY DUMBFOUNDED!

WHY--WHY--THIS IS UNBELIEVABLE! AND YET--HE'S MANAGING SO WELL, HOW WOULD ANYONE EVER GUESS THE TRUTH? BUT--THIS PUTS A NEW LIGHT ON EVERYTHING! NO USE QUESTIONING BLAIR NOW. BUT I MUST SPEAK TO THE OTHER FACULTY MEMBERS AT ONCE!

SHORTLY AFTER, IN THE FACULTY CLUBROOM AS **SUPERBOY** REVEALS HIS STARTLING DISCOVERY...

YOU SEE--THE RADIATION FROM THE CYCLOTRON AFFECTED BLAIR'S GLASSES SO THEY COULDN'T BE SEEN THROUGH! YET BLAIR PRETENDED TO SEE CLEARLY AS SOON AS HE PUT THEM ON, PROVING UNMISTAKABLY THAT PROFESSOR BLAIR IS **TOTALLY BLIND!**

BUT--THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE!

WHILE JUST OUTSIDE THE DOOR, AS **SUPERBOY** CONTINUES HIS EXPLANATION...

FACUL

BECAUSE HE GOT AROUND SO WELL? YES--LIKE ANY BLIND MAN WOULD IN A FAMILIAR PLACE. AND BLAIR'S BEEN HERE 30 YEARS! HE KNEW EVERY CORNER OF THE PLACE! AND THOSE GLASSES ONLY HELPED HIM COVER UP HIS MISTAKES!

BUT HE DIDN'T WANT ME HERE BECAUSE HE FEARED I'D EXPOSE HIM AND HE'D LOSE HIS JOB. BESIDES, COULD HE ENJOY A VACATION AWAY FROM HERE--IN A STRANGE PLACE? NO--EXWELL WAS HIS HOME. AND HE KNEW IT BY FEEL! NOW WE'LL HAVE TO BE TACTFUL WITH HIM...
TOO LATE! HERE'S PROFESSOR BLAIR NOW!
FACULTY
AFTERNOON, GENTLEMEN... AH, PROFESSOR WHITE--I SEE YOU JUST HAD A HAIRCUT. AND YOU, TRISBY--THERE'S A SMUDGE ON YOUR CHEEK. MANLEY--YOUR SHOELACE IS UNTIED...
BUT--BUT--SUPERBOY--I THOUGHT YOU SAID...
I---I DON'T UNDERSTAND!
SURPRISED, GENTLEMEN--THAT I CAN SEE EVEN WITHOUT MY GLASSES?
BUT I COULD'VE SWORN--WAIT! IT---IT'S A MIRACLE! BUT ACCORDING TO MY X-RAY VISION, THOSE GLASSES EXPLAIN EVERYTHING! IT MUST BE THAT--BECAUSE YOU REALLY WERE BLIND!
YES, SUPERBOY--YOU'RE RIGHT ABOUT THE MIRACLE. AFTER THREE YEARS IN DARKNESS, MY SIGHT HAS JUST RETURNED!
YES--BECAUSE THOSE GLASSES ARE FULL OF RADIATION FROM MY CYCLOTRON. THAT'S WHAT MUST'VE DESTROYED THE CAUSE OF YOUR BLINDNESS WHEN YOU PUT THEM ON!
WELL, YES. I HAD A GROWTH ON MY EYES THAT COULDN'T BE OPERATED ON. THE RADIATION MUST HAVE DESTROYED THE GROWTH.
BUT--HOW DID MY GLASSES GET NEAR YOUR CYCLOTRON?
I CAN EXPLAIN THAT, TOO--AND SEVERAL OTHER MYSTERIES AS WELL, IF YOU GENTLEMEN WILL JUST BE PATIENT! I'LL BE BACK IN A MOMENT!
A FEW SECONDS LATER, DOWN IN THE FURNACE ROOM...
NOW THAT YOU'RE FINISHED WATCHING THE STUDENT EXAMINATION IN THE STUDY-HALL, YOU'RE GOING TO TAKE AN EXAMINATION. AND THE FIRST QUESTION IS: WHERE DID YOU HIDE THE $2,000 YOU STOLE FROM THE OFFICE SAFE?
YOU---YOU CAN'T PROVE THAT!

FIRST--SINCE PROFESSOR BLAIR WAS BLIND, HE WOULDN'T HAVE KNOWN THE FACULTY STUDY ROOM HAD NO LIGHTS, SO WHEN HE SAID HE WAS THERE, HE REALLY WAS! THEREFORE, YOU WERE LYING WHEN YOU SAID YOU'D SEEN HIM IN THE OFFICE TO COVER YOUR ROBBING THE SAFE YOURSELF!
W-WHAT? BLIND? I---I DIDN'T KNOW!

SHORTLY AFTER, BACK IN THE FACULTY CLUB-ROOM AS THE CHIEF JANITOR COMPLETES HIS CONFESSION...
I FIGURED IT WOULD BE EASY TO CAST SUSPICION ON BLAIR BECAUSE OF HIS STRANGE BEHAVIOR TOWARD SUPERBOY. AFTER THE SAFE JOB, I LIFTED BLAIR'S GLASSES FROM HIS DESK AND LEFT THEM IN THE CYCLOTRON LABORATORY WHICH I SET AFIRE TO MAKE BLAIR LOOK EVEN MORE GUILTY!

EARLY THE FOLLOWING EVENING, AS A FLASHING BLAZE OF COLORED LIGHTS FILLS THE SKY OVER THE RAILROAD STATION...
PLEASANT JOURNEY PROFESSOR BLAIR
HE OUGHT TO LOVE THIS. BUT NOW--THE TRAIN'S STARTING TO PULL OUT. I'D BETTER GET DOWN AND SAY GOODBYE.
10

AND SO, DOWN ON THE STATION PLATFORM...
THANKS FOR A WONDERFUL SHOW TO DELIGHT THESE NEWLY OPENED EYES OF MINE, SUPERBOY. I'LL CERTAINLY ENJOY THIS VACATION, KNOWING THAT SOMEONE AS HIGHLY QUALIFIED AS YOU WILL BE HANDLING MY CLASSES.
THANK YOU, PROFESSOR. FROM YOU, THAT'S A REAL COMPLIMENT!
THE END

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THE JITTERBUG
HELLO. OH, H'YA SUE. DINNER TONIGHT AT YOUR HOUSE? SURE, I'D BE DELIGHTED!
I'LL PICK UP A BOX OF CANDY ON THE WAY OVER!
HELLO, JERRY. COME IN, IT'S ALL READY. I'M SO THRILLED, WE'RE LEARNING TO COOK AT SCHOOL.
IS THIS THE WHOLE DINNER? ALL I SEE IS A BIG PLATE OF SPINACH!
I KNOW. THAT'S ALL WE LEARNT HOW TO COOK SO FAR!
END

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BIRDS' BEST FRIEND

He Was John James Audubon, Whose Genius for Depicting the Feathery Set Has Marked Him Without Equal in the Whole Field of Natural History

THE swallow-tailed kite snatching up a writhing snake. . . . The duck-hawks tearing their meal with blood-stained bills, one of them glaring ferociously at you. . . . The bald eagle screaming defiance at an impostor as he guards his lunch of squid.

Paintings of these scenes and others like them showed the glory of the birds of America to those who had never seen them. Pictured natural—flying or eating or preening themselves—the birds seemed more alive than any paintings had ever shown them.

The man whose genius made these fowl live was John James Audubon.

Here was a man who surely has no equal in the whole field of natural history. For combined in him were two traits of character which are but rarely found in one person: an intense devotion to his work and an ability to sell it. But let's start at the beginning, and see how all this came about.

John James Audubon was born on April 26, 1785 at Les Cayes, Santo Domingo, now known as Haiti. He spent the first few years of his life in Haiti, and then—after his mother was killed in a slave uprising—his father took him to France, where he was first enrolled in a military school, and later began to study art. In addition to his regular schooling, young Audubon enjoyed the good fortune to be taught painting for a while by the most famous artist of the day, Jacques David.

Even at this time, hints of his future genius began showing up in the sketches of birds and animals, which he was continuously drawing. But at the age of 13, troubled times in France forced his father to return with him to America, where he continued his art studies in Philadelphia.

Ten years later, we find him married to Lucy Bakewell, who, determined to have him fulfill his wish of completing *The Birds of America*, which was ultimately published in 1838, assumed responsibility for supporting the family. Eventually, his father-in-law set him up in business, but Audubon was not cut out for this sort of work, and, within a year, the business failed.

Ever since his return to America, Audubon had spent much of his time in the woods and forests of the country. Here, he had observed birds and animals in their natural habitat and had amused himself by sketching them. Now, after the failure of his business, he decided to go to New Orleans to earn a living, and to go there by floating down the Mississippi River and drawing the birds he saw. This he did, and on the way he made many sketches and notes which he used later for his paintings and books about birds.

Once in New Orleans, he earned his living by selling portraits. But he never gave up painting birds. He refused to draw them from stuffed models, claiming that these were not lifelike and did not show the birds in their natural poses.

He went out and shot his own specimens, passed wires through their bodies to hold them in the natural positions which he had observed. He set up graph paper behind the birds and drew on graph paper, so that the proportions of the actual birds and of his drawings would match.

In painting, Audubon discovered that an overlay of pastel chalks on water colors would give him the best results when trying to get the effect of the sheen of a bird's feathers. He tried to portray birds so that it would seem as if they were actually flying through the air, not just resting with open wings within the boundaries of a scene on paper.

He gave his birds the effect of wildness by placing tiny, sharp highlights in their eyes, and magically, then, they had that unchanging watchful look that sets all wild animals apart from tamed ones. As he worked, he destroyed paintings if he made one of the same subject which seemed truer

Daniel Boone—a lover of wildlife if ever there was one—visited Audubon one day, and the two became fast friends. Boone was amazed at Audubon's marksmanship—which had to be good, to get the birds he wanted—and at his skill in picturing birds. Boone thought that Audubon's drawings were more natural and life-like than any he had ever seen.

He showed Audubon how to stun birds by shooting the bark so it would fly up and hit them; Audubon could then capture them, draw from the live models, and set them free.

This trick Audubon immediately adopted, and his best drawings were those which used these live models. So we owe no small measure of thanks to Daniel Boone for the fine quality of the wonderful bird-portraits which Audubon has left us.

In 1826, Audubon left for England to see if he could get his pictures of birds published. (He felt he stood a better chance in England than in America because interest in natural science was greater there and because the center of the book-publishing industry for America, Canada, and England was in England). And here is where his selling ability came in.

He charmed audiences there by his wearing of the simple, unfashionable woodsman's clothes, by his use of American frontier speech, by his French accent, and by his uncut hair. Most important of all, he really knew his bird-lore. Thus, both wealthy society and scientists alike took to him. From one he got the money he needed to go ahead, and from the other he got the approval which was necessary to his work.

Audubon remained in England fifteen more years, from 1827 to 1842. It took eleven of these years to publish his *The Birds of America*. Each of the 435 pictures (containing 1065 bird-portraits) in the series of volumes was about two by three feet in size. These volumes are appropriately called *The Elephant Folios*.

At the same time that this picture book was coming out, Audubon was writing his five-volume *Ornithological Biography*, which was a description of the habits, home grounds, food, plumage, and other traits of all the birds of North America. He enlivened this by including "Episodes" which told of his adventures in collecting the sketches and the material on the birds.

Although these works sold less than 200 copies, they made scientific history. They were printed over a century ago, yet even today there is no finer collection of bird portraits in existence, and very few of the facts in the *Ornithological Biography* have been added to or changed. *The Birds of America* has been reprinted many times.

In 1842, Audubon returned to New York and bought a home in what is now Audubon Park. After several more trips to the West, his health failed, and he died in January, 1851.

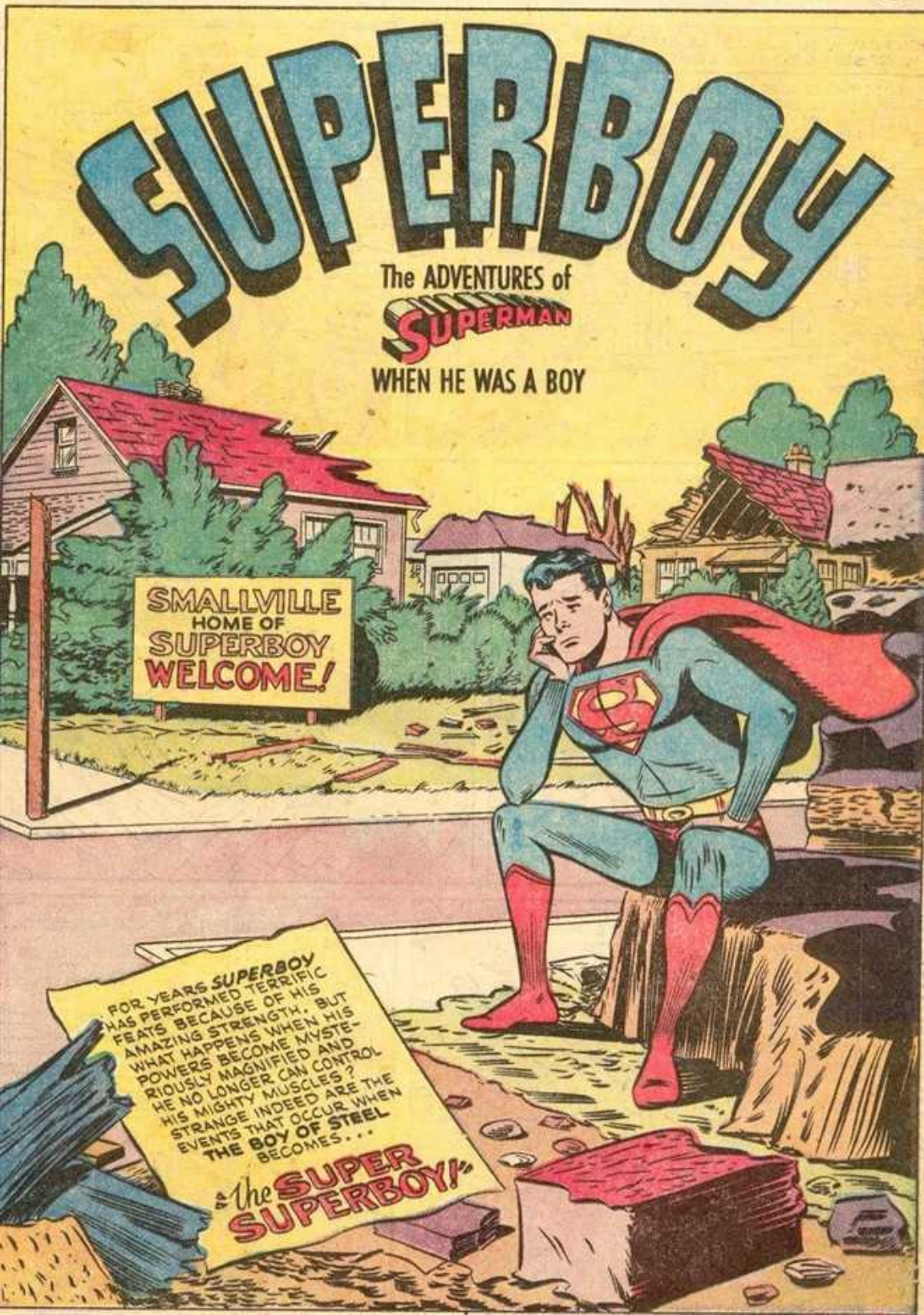
But as the years go by, his memory grows brighter rather than dimmer. It is immortalized in the name of the Audubon Society, a group dedicated to the welfare of American birds.

How fitting that his name keep alive the birds which his brush brought to life!

—Ben Galloway

VARSITY VIC
HENRY BOLTINOFF
A NEAT JOB, I MUST SAY!
VOTE FOR BILL FARRELL
VOTE FOR BILL FARRELL FOR SCHOOL PRESIDENT!
VOTE FOR BILL FARRELL
BOY, THAT WILL CERTAINLY BRING IN VOTES FOR FARRELL!
IT'S QUITE A HIT!
OH VIC, THAT'S THE NEATEST IDEA, EVER!
HOW ABOUT GOING FOR A RIDE? IF YOU DON'T MIND THIS LOUDSPEAKER!

LET'S DRIVE DOWN TO THE LAKE.
VIC, WILL YOU COME OVER TO MY HOUSE SATURDAY NIGHT?
VIC, HONEY, YOU KNOW YOU'RE MY ONE AND ONLY-
SWEETUMS-PIE
HA HO
HA HA
HA HA
ER- I MUST HAVE TURNED ON THE LOUDSPEAKER SWITCH BY MISTAKE!
HA HO
GOODBYE! I WAS NEVER SO HUMILIATED IN ALL MY LIFE!
THE END


SUPERBOY
The ADVENTURES of SUPERMAN
WHEN HE WAS A BOY
SMALLVILLE HOME OF SUPERBOY WELCOME!
FOR YEARS SUPERBOY HAS PERFORMED TERRIFIC FEATS BECAUSE OF HIS AMAZING STRENGTH. BUT WHAT HAPPENS WHEN HIS POWERS BECOME MYSTERIOUSLY MAGNIFIED AND HE NO LONGER CAN CONTROL HIS MIGHTY MUSCLES? STRANGE INDEED ARE THE EVENTS THAT OCCUR WHEN THE BOY OF STEEL BECOMES...
"The SUPER SUPERBOY!"

ONE DAY IN SMALLVILLE, AS SUPERBOY IS ENGAGED IN WHAT SEEMS TO BE A ROUTINE ACTIVITY...
THOSE TWO CROOKS CERTAINLY HAVE BRASS... HOLDING UP A STORE IN MY HOME TOWN IN BROAD DAYLIGHT!
SUPERBOY! PLEASE! I NEED YOUR HELP AT ONCE!
A RED-HOT METEOR LANDED IN SCOVILLE MEADOW... AND IT SET MY HOUSE AFIRE!
HMMM... GLAD TO HELP, MR. HAWKINS. THEY WON'T GET FAR IN THE FEW MOMENTS IT'LL TAKE ME TO EXTINGUISH THE BLAZE!
THAT ABANDONED GAS TANK! JUST WHAT I NEED TO PUT A QUICK END TO THE FLAMES! I'LL CLAMP IT OVER THE HOUSE, AND SHUT OUT THE SUPPLY OF FRESH OXYGEN!
ONE LITTLE TAP TO KNOCK OUT THE METAL BOTTOM, AND I'LL BE ALL SET!
HOWEVER, WHEN SUPERBOY'S FIST EXPLODES AGAINST THE METAL LID, THE ENTIRE TANK SMASHES INTO TINY FRAGMENTS...
WH-WHAT? EITHER I DON'T KNOW MY OWN STRENGTH, OR THAT TANK WAS RUSTED CLEAN THROUGH!
WHAMPP!
I'LL HAVE TO FIND ANOTHER WAY TO PUT OUT THE FIRE... HMMM... THAT BOULDER... AND WATKINS' CLIFF IS JUST A LITTLE DISTANCE FROM HERE!
HURRY, SUPERBOY... HURRY! MY HOUSE WILL BE BURNT TO THE GROUND IF YOU DON'T ACT FAST!
2

THE BOULDER WILL CRASH INTO THE CLIFF AND PULVERIZE IT INTO POWDERY DUST! I'LL SMOTHER THE FIRE WITH THE DUST, THEN BLOW IT AWAY SO THAT MR. HAWKINS' HOME WILL BE NONE THE WORSE FOR MY FIRE-FIGHTING EFFORTS!
HOWEVER...
I...I THREW IT TOO FAST!
YES— SO FAST THAT FRICTION WITH THE AIR TURNED IT INTO A BALL OF RED-HOT MOLTEN LAVA!
SPLAT!
GUESS I'LL JUST HAVE TO BLOW IT OUT!
NO! NO! YOU'LL BLOW DOWN MY WHOLE HOUSE... I...ER...MEAN... YOUR TIME IS TOO VALUABLE. THE SMALLVILLE VOLUNTEER FIRE COMPANY IS HERE ALREADY...
...AND THEY'LL PUT IT OUT. YOU GET THOSE CROOKS. THAT'S... ER...MORE IMPORTANT.
HE..HE'S AFRAID OF MY HELP! HMMM... CAN'T SAY I BLAME HIM... I JUST DON'T SEEM ABLE TO CONTROL MY STRENGTH TODAY!
MOMENTS LATER, AS A WORRIED SUPERBOY SURVEYS THE SURROUNDING LANDSCAPE WITH HIS TELESCOPIC VISION...
THERE ARE THE CROOKS... HIDDEN IN THAT CRATER CAUSED BY THE METEOR! HOPE I DON'T MESS THIS UP! ALL I HAVE TO DO IS ZOOM DOWN AND GRAB THEM!
BUT AS SUPERBOY HURTLES DOWNWARD...
GOING TOO FAST... CAN'T STOP!
WHOOOSH!
HA, HA! HE WHIZZED RIGHT PAST US!
WHAMMMP!
3
HOLY SMOKES, JUD! HE'S ABOUT A MILE DOWN AND STILL GOING!
WE DON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT HIM ANY MORE, BATTY. HE'S THROUGH! HE CAN'T CONTROL HIS POWERS!
IS IT TRUE? HAS SUPERBOY'S MAGNIFICENT CAREER COME TO A SUDDEN AND MYSTERIOUS END?

SCANT SECONDS LATER, AT THE OTHER END OF THE GLOBE . . .
WHEW! MY STRENGTH SEEMS TO HAVE INCREASED A HUNDRED-FOLD. . . BEYOND MY ABILITY TO CONTROL IT! I'D BETTER GET BACK TO SMALLVILLE THE WAY I CAME . . . TO AVOID CAUSING ACCIDENTAL DAMAGE!
!?!
ONCE AGAIN, THE BOY OF STEEL PLUMMETS THROUGH THE CENTER OF THE EARTH . . . .
HMMM. . . I SEEM TO BE TRAVELING AT NORMAL SUPER-SPEED. MAYBE WHATEVER WENT WRONG WITH ME HAS PASSED AWAY!
HOWEVER, AS HE EMERGES FROM THE TRANS-EARTH TUNNEL AT THE SMALLVILLE END . . .
I . . . I'M OUT OF CONTROL AGAIN! SPEEDING SO FAST THAT EVEN THE EARTH AROUND ME IS BAKING WITH THE HEAT CAUSED BY THE SPEED OF MY FLIGHT! WHAT CAN IT BE?
WHOOOOSH!
THAT EVENING, A SCENE UNPRECEDENTED IN HISTORY OCCURS IN A LITTLE SMALLVILLE OFFICE . . .
SUPERBOY! DON'T TELL ME THERE'S SOMETHING WRONG WITH YOU!
I'M AFRAID THERE IS, DOCTOR, AND I HOPE YOU'LL TELL ME WHAT!
AFTER A THOROUGH EXAMINATION . . . .
YOUR HEALTH IS PERFECT. BUT NOW I'LL OBSERVE YOUR REFLEXES TO TEST THE SPEED OF YOUR REACTIONS. RELAX. THIS WON'T HURT A BIT.
INCREDIBLE! HUNDREDS OF TIMES QUICKER THAN THE LAST TIME I TESTED YOU!
KLONK!
AND, A FRACTION OF A SECOND LATER . . .
MY SAFE! ALL MY RECORDS! YOU . . . YOU KICKED IT CLEAN THROUGH THE WALL WITH YOUR FOOT!
CRASHHH!
I . . . ER . . . I COULDN'T HELP IT!

IT..IT'S OUT OF SIGHT!
ACCORDING TO MY TELESCOPIC VISION, IT...IT'S HEADING STRAIGHT FOR THE MOON!

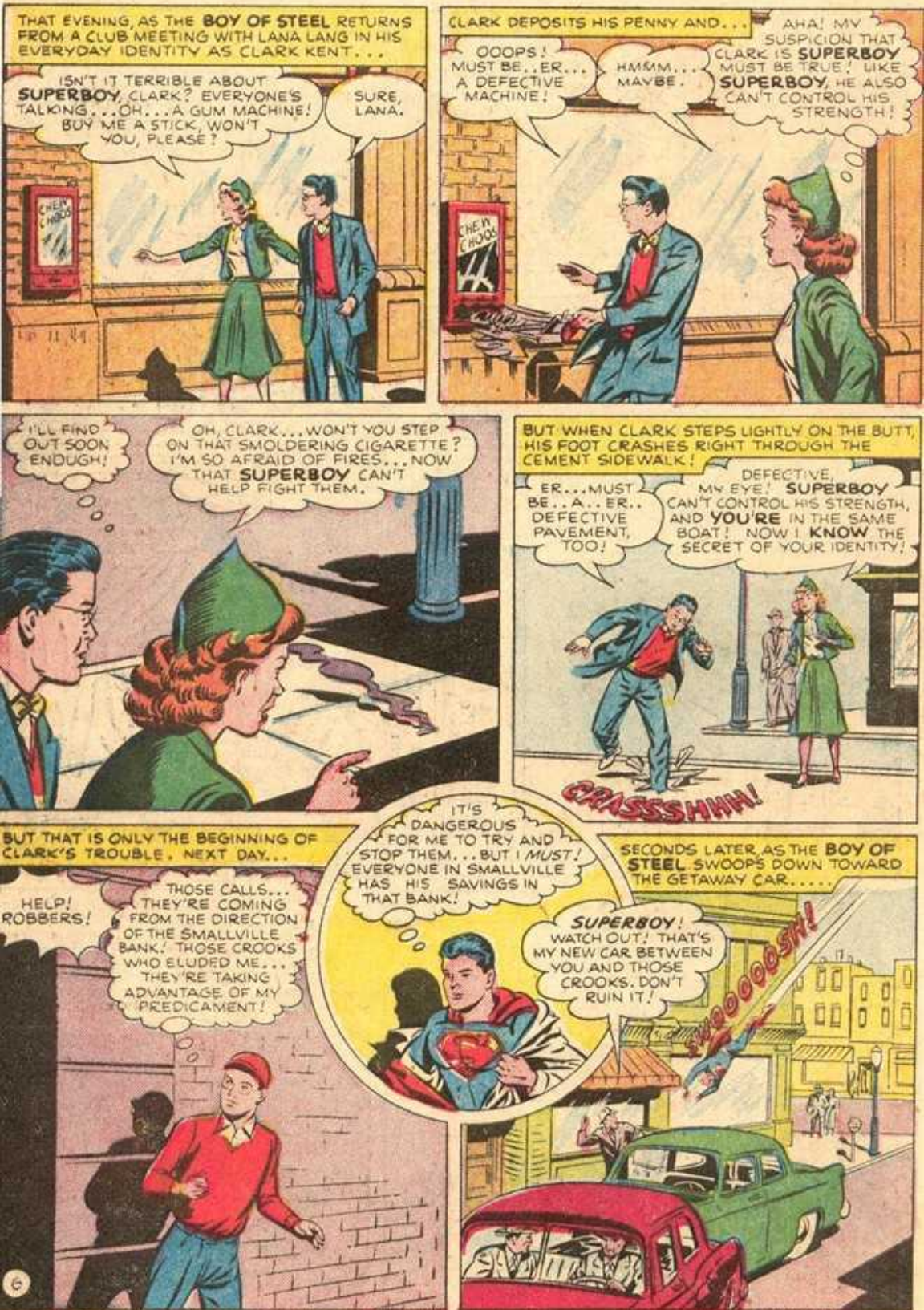
I'M SORRY, DOCTOR, I'LL...ER...RETRIEVE IT AND REPAIR YOUR HOUSE WHEN...
YES...WHEN YOU'RE BETTER...BUT NOT NOW! WHAT YOU NEED IS REST! STAY AWAY FROM ACTIVITY...ALL ACTIVITY!

DID YOU GET THAT, JUD? BEGINNING NOW, SMALLVILLE WILL BE THE SOFTEST TOWN IN AMERICA TO OPERATE IN. IT HAS PRACTICALLY NO POLICE FORCE BECAUSE SUPERBOY LIVES HERE...
AND NOW THAT HE'S GONE HAYWIRE, NOTHING WILL STOP US! TOMORROW'S GONNA BE OUR DAY, PAL!

NEWS OF SUPERBOY'S PLIGHT SPREADS LIKE WILDFIRE, AND...
HELLO, MAC. CAN I HELP YOU LIFT THAT PIANO?
NO THANK YOU! I'VE GOT TO DELIVER THIS PIANO IN ONE PIECE!

ALL OVER TOWN, PEOPLE AVOID THEIR FORMER IDOL...
HELLO, SUPERBOY. IT IS...ER...I MEAN IT WAS VERY NICE SEEING YOU.
IT..IT'S AS IF I WERE A WALKING BOMB! EVERYONE'S SCARED SILLY OF ME...THEY'RE AFRAID I WILL HARM THEM WITH MY POWERS. WHAT IS IT? WHAT CAN BE WRONG WITH ME?

LATER, SHUNNED AND ISOLATED, SUPERBOY WRESTLES WITH HIS PROBLEMS ON A LONELY PARK BENCH...
THE WORST PART IS THAT THE SECRET OF MY IDENTITY IS NOW IN DANGER! LANA LANG ALREADY SUSPECTS THAT I'M CLARK KENT, AND IF I CANCEL THE DATE I HAVE WITH HER AS CLARK TONIGHT, SHE'LL BE MORE SUSPICIOUS THAN EVER. IF I CAN ONLY THINK OF SOMETHING...


THAT EVENING, AS THE BOY OF STEEL RETURNS FROM A CLUB MEETING WITH LANA LANG IN HIS EVERYDAY IDENTITY AS CLARK KENT...
ISN'T IT TERRIBLE ABOUT SUPERBOY, CLARK? EVERYONE'S TALKING...OH...A GUM MACHINE! BUY ME A STICK, WON'T YOU, PLEASE?
SURE, LANA.
CHEWING GUM
CLARK DEPOSITS HIS PENNY AND...
OOOPS! MUST BE...ER... A DEFECTIVE MACHINE!
HMMM... MAYBE.
AHA! MY SUSPICION THAT CLARK IS SUPERBOY MUST BE TRUE! LIKE SUPERBOY, HE ALSO CAN'T CONTROL HIS STRENGTH!
I'LL FIND OUT SOON ENOUGH!
OH, CLARK...WON'T YOU STEP ON THAT SMOLDERING CIGARETTE? I'M SO AFRAID OF FIRES...NOW THAT SUPERBOY CAN'T HELP FIGHT THEM.
BUT WHEN CLARK STEPS LIGHTLY ON THE BUTT, HIS FOOT CRASHES RIGHT THROUGH THE CEMENT SIDEWALK!
ER...MUST BE...A...ER.. DEFECTIVE PAVEMENT, TOO!
DEFECTIVE, MY EYE! SUPERBOY CAN'T CONTROL HIS STRENGTH, AND YOU'RE IN THE SAME BOAT! NOW I KNOW THE SECRET OF YOUR IDENTITY!
CRASSSHHH!
BUT THAT IS ONLY THE BEGINNING OF CLARK'S TROUBLE. NEXT DAY...
HELP! ROBBERS!
THOSE CALLS... THEY'RE COMING FROM THE DIRECTION OF THE SMALLVILLE BANK! THOSE CROOKS WHO ELUDED ME... THEY'RE TAKING ADVANTAGE OF MY PREDICAMENT!
IT'S DANGEROUS FOR ME TO TRY AND STOP THEM...BUT I MUST! EVERYONE IN SMALLVILLE HAS HIS SAVINGS IN THAT BANK!
SECONDS LATER, AS THE BOY OF STEEL SWOOPS DOWN TOWARD THE GETAWAY CAR.....
SUPERBOY! WATCH OUT! THAT'S MY NEW CAR BETWEEN YOU AND THOSE CROOKS. DON'T RUIN IT!
SHOOOOOSH!
6

BUT, UNABLE TO CONTROL HIS FLIGHT, SUPERBOY SMASHES INTO THE INNOCENT CAR...
THAT BOY'S A MENACE! HE SHOULD BE LOCKED UP!
CRASHHHH!
SORRY, MR. EVANS. I... I'LL STRAIGHTEN IT OUT WHEN I'M BACK TO NORMAL. MEANWHILE, I MUST FIND SOME WAY TO STOP THOSE THUGS FROM DISAPPEARING WITH ALL THE SMALLVILLE SAVINGS!
SUPERBOY STARES AT THE FLEEING CROOKS, AND THEN...
HEY! THE CAR... IT... IT'S SO HOT IT'S MELTING! LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!
MUST BE THAT SUPER-BRAT WITH THE HEAT OF HIS X-RAY VISION! DRAT! EVEN THE DOUGH'S BURNING UP!
HANDLE THOSE ASHES CAREFULLY, OFFICER, AND THE TREASURY SHOULD REDEEM THEM AT FULL VALUE. NOW THAT THOSE CROOKS ARE IN THE OPEN, I'M GOING AFTER THEM AGAIN!
THE BOY OF STEEL STREAKS TOWARD THE FLEEING CROOKS, BUT, UNABLE TO CHECK HIS SPEED, FINDS HIMSELF OUT AT SEA...
WHEW! HALFWAY ACROSS THE ATLANTIC IN A SINGLE SPURT! WHATEVER IS BEHIND THIS, IT'S MAKING ME PRACTICALLY HELPLESS!
ZZZZZIP!
AND, AS SUPERBOY FLIES HOMEWARD...
THAT'S STRANGE. WHEN I STARTED BACK, I BEGAN MOVING AT MY NORMAL RATE OF SPEED... AND NOW... I'M SUPER-SPEEDING AGAIN... OUT OF CONTROL ONCE MORE!
7

AS SUPERBOY NEARS SMALLVILLE...
I... I'M COMPLETELY OUT OF CONTROL! CAN'T STOP! HAVE TO FIND A PLACE TO CRASH WITHOUT HARMING ANYONE!
WATCH OUT! CLEAR THE AREA!
HE'S BACK AGAIN!
MEAT MARKET
MOMENTS LATER...
THIS OLD BRIDGE SHOULD SLOW ME DOWN WITHOUT CAUSING ANY REAL DAMAGE! IT'S BEEN CONDEMNED FOR YEARS!
KRUMMP!
I'LL WALK SLOWLY.. GENTLY... ON TIP-TOE. HAVE TO CUT MY EXPENDITURE OF ENERGY DOWN TO A MINIMUM!
POOR SUPERBOY... I FEEL SORRY FOR HIM... EVEN THOUGH HIS PREDICAMENT HAS REVEALED HIS SECRET IDENTITY TO ME!
YOU'RE REALLY IN HOT WATER, SUPERBOY! EVEN IF YOU DO EVER GET BACK TO NORMAL, YOUR SECRET WILL NEVER BE SAFE WITH LANA!
SOON, IN TOWN...
WE'VE DECIDED SMALLVILLE ISN'T SAFE WITH YOU IN YOUR PRESENT CONDITION, SUPERBOY. I'M SORRY WE CAN'T HELP, BUT YOU'LL HAVE TO EVACUATE TOWN...
I KNOW. I... I'LL LEAVE SMALLVILLE AT ONCE...
SOON, SAD AND MISERABLE IN SPIRIT, SUPERBOY BEGINS HIS EXODUS FROM SMALLVILLE...
I--I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT. I HAVEN'T BEEN MYSELF EVER SINCE THAT METEOR LANDED WHICH SET MR. HAWKINS' HOUSE AFIRE.
YOU ARE NOW LEAVING SMALLVILLE HOME OF SUPERBOY
OF COURSE! NOW I UNDERSTAND! I WENT OUT OF CONTROL RIGHT AFTER THE METEOR LANDED. NO WONDER I FELT NORMAL WHEN I WAS OVER THE OCEAN, AWAY FROM SMALLVILLE, AND GOT WORSE AS I NEARED HOME.
8

A LITTLE LATER...
JUST AS THE ELEMENT KRYPTONITE MAKES ME WEAKER, SOME SUBSTANCE IN THAT METEORITE MAKES ME TERRIBLY STRONG! I'LL JUST TOSS IT INTO SPACE AND BE NORMAL AGAIN!
BUT, A SPLIT SECOND AFTER SUPERBOY REACHES FOR THE METEOR...
I...I...JUST REACHED FOR IT GENTLY... AND IT INCREASED MY STRENGTH ENOUGH TO ROCKET ME INTO THE EARTH! I...I.. CAN'T COME CLOSE TO IT... WITHOUT BEING THROWN COMPLETELY OUT OF CONTROL!
CRASSSSH!
IT... IT SEEMS IMPOSSIBLE EVEN TO TOUCH IT... UNLESS... WAIT... MAYBE I CAN USE THE STRENGTH WITH WHICH IT SUPERCHARGES ME TO GET RID OF IT!
FACING THE EASTERN COAST, SUPERBOY LEAPS WITH A TREMENDOUS SPURT OF ENERGY AND, INSTANTS LATER...
I ONCE TOSSED THIS PIECE OF KRYPTONITE INTO THE OCEAN SO THAT NO ONE WOULD EVER BE ABLE TO USE IT AGAINST ME! NOW I CAN SCOOP IT UP, AND...
...EVEN THOUGH THIS KRYPTONITE WOULD ORDINARILY MAKE ME VERY WEAK, THE EXTRA STRENGTH PROVIDED BY THE METEOR GAVE ME ENOUGH IMPETUS TO CIRCLE BACK TO THE SPOT I STARTED FROM!
SOON...
NOW, AS I APPROACH THE METEOR, IT COUNTERACTS THE WEAKENING EFFECT OF THE KRYPTONITE, AND AT THE SAME TIME THE KRYPTONITE COUNTERACTS THE STRENGTHENING EFFECTS OF THE METEOR!
THEY BALANCE EACH OTHER PERFECTLY... ENABLING ME TO OPERATE AT NORMAL STRENGTH, AND HURL THEM SIMULTANEOUSLY INTO SPACE! GOOD RIDDANCE TO BOTH!

RETURNED TO NORMAL STRENGTH, SUPERBOY MAKES SHORT SHRIFT OF THE TWO CROOKS WHO HAVE PLAGUED HIM, AND THEN...

HMM...SO THE METEOR WAS RESPONSIBLE FOR YOUR LOSS OF CONTROL! WHAT A YARN!

JUST A SECOND! I HAVE A MORE SENSATIONAL YARN ...THE SECRET OF SUPERBOY'S IDENTITY... WITH PROOF!

I THINK I KNOW WHAT SHE'S REFERRING TO. BUT I SUGGEST YOU FIRST CHECK HER STORY WITH THE TOWN LIBRARIAN!

HMMFF! A LOT OF GOOD THAT WILL DO! NO TRICK OF YOURS CAN POSSIBLY DISPROVE MY EVIDENCE!

PRESENTLY...AT THE TOWN LIBRARY...

OF COURSE CLARK WAS HERE LAST NIGHT! DOZENS OF PEOPLE SAW HIM! HE SAID HE HAD AN UNEXPECTEDLY HEAVY HOMEWORK ASSIGNMENT!

BUT CLARK WAS WITH ME! HOW COULD HE BE IN TWO PLACES AT ONCE? UNLESS...

DID YOU MAKE UP AS CLARK SO HE COULD DO HIS HOMEWORK WITHOUT SEEMING TO BREAK HIS DATE WITH ME?

I CAN'T TELL A LIE. IT WAS I THAT WAS WITH YOU THAT NIGHT!

SILENCE PLEASE!

SINCE CLARK AND I ARE ONE... IT CERTAINLY WAS... BUT WHY TELL HER THAT I'D ANTICIPATED THAT SITUATION AND PREVIOUSLY PLACED A WAX IMAGE OF CLARK IN THE LIBRARY...WHICH "SPOKE" AS A RESULT OF MY SUPER-VENTRILOQUISM!

THE END

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HENRY BOLTINOFF
NO, I'LL TAKE IT!
YOU WILL NOT!
I WILL!
YOU WON'T!
THESE CHILDREN—ALWAYS ARGUING!
QUIET! YOU TWO ARE ALWAYS QUARRELLING. WHY CAN'T YOU AGREE ONCE IN A WHILE?
WE DO AGREE, MOTHER. TIMMY WANTS THE LARGEST APPLE, AND SO DO I!
END